# ENGLISH COSTUME

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DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

GEORGIAN

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# ENGLISH COSTUME

## IV.—GEORGIAN

# ENGLISH COSTUME

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DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

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**AMERICA** . . THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64 & 66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

**CANADA** . . THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
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# ENGLISH COSTUME

BY

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

IV.

GEORGIAN

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1906

TO MY FRIEND

BYAM SHAW

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## CHARLES THE SECOND

Reigned twenty-five years: 1660—1685.
Born 1630. Married, 1662, Katherine of Portugal.

### THE MEN AND WOMEN

England, apparently with a sigh of relief, lays aside her hair shirt, and proves that she has been wearing a silk vest under it. Ribbon-makers and wig-makers, lace-makers, tailors, and shoemakers, pour out thankful offerings at the altar of Fashion. One kind of folly has replaced another; it is only the same goddess in different clothes. The lamp

that winked and flickered before the stern black figure in Geneva bands and prim curls is put to shame by the flare of a thousand candles shining on the painted face, the exposed bosom, the flaunting love-locks of this Carolean deity.

We have burst out into periwigs, monstrous, bushy; we have donned petticoat breeches ruffled like a pigeon; we have cut our coats till they are mere apologies, serving to show off our fine shirts; and we have done the like with our coat-sleeves, leaving a little cuff glittering with buttons, and above that we have cut a great slit, all to show the marvel of our linen.

Those of us who still wear the long wide breeches adorn them with heavy frills of deep lace, and sew bunches of ribbons along the seams. We tie our cravats in long, stiff bows or knot them tight, and allow the wide lace ends to float gracefully.

Our hats, broad-brimmed and stiff, are loaded with feathers; our little cloaks are barred with silk and lace and gold cord; our shoes are square-

toed and high-heeled, and are tied with a long-ended bow of ribbon.

Ribbon reigns triumphant: it ties our periwigs into bunches at the ends; it hangs in loops round our waists; it ties our shirt-sleeves up in several places; it twists itself round our knees. It is on our hats and heads, and necks and arms, and legs and shoes, and it peers out of the tops of our boots. Divines rave, moralists rush into print, to no purpose. The names seem to convey a sense of luxury: dove-coloured silk brocade, Rhingrave breeches, white lutestring seamed all over with scarlet and silver lace, sleeves whipt with a point lace, coat trimmed and figured with silver twist or satin ribbon; canvas, camblet, galloon and shamey, vellam buttons and taffety ribbons. The cannons, those bunches of ribbons round our knees, and the confidents, those bunches of curls by our ladies' cheeks, do not shake at the thunderings

A MAN OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.
(1660—1685)

THIS is the change which came over men's dress on or about October, 1666. It is the new-fashioned vest or body-coat introduced to the notice of Charles by John Evelyn.

called 'favorites'; the long locks arranged to hang away from the face over the ears were called 'heart-breakers'; and the curls close to the cheek were called 'confidents.' Ladies wore cloaks with baggy hoods for travelling, and for the Mall the same hats as men, loaded with feathers.

I am going to leave the change in dress during this reign to the next chapter, in which you will read how it struck Mr. Pepys. This change separates the old world of dress from the new; it is the advent of frocked coats, the ancestor of our frock-coat. It finishes completely the series of evolutions beginning with the old tunic, running through the gown stages to the doublet of Elizabethan times, lives in the half coat, half doublet of Charles I., and ends in the absurd little jackets of Charles II., who, sartorially, steps from the end of the Middle Ages into the New Ages,

closes the door on a wardrobe of brilliant eccentricity, and opens a cupboard containing our first frock-coat.

## PEPYS AND CLOTHES

It is not really necessary for me to remind the reader that one of the best companions in the world, Samuel Pepys, was the son of a tailor. Possibly—I say possibly because the argument is really absurd—he may have inherited his great interest in clothes from his father. You see where the argument leads in the end: that all men to take an interest in clothes must be born tailors' sons. This is no more true of Adam, who certainly did interest himself, than it is of myself.

Pepys was educated at St. Paul's School, went to Trinity College, Cambridge, got drunk there, and took a scholarship. He married when he was twenty-two a girl of fifteen, the daughter of a Huguenot. He was born in 1633, three years after the birth of Charles II., of outrageous but delightful memory, and he commenced his Diary in 1660, the year in which Charles entered London, ending it in 1669, owing to his increasing weakness of sight. He was made Secretary to the

LOS ANGELES



Admiralty in 1672, in 1673 he became a member of Parliament, was sent to the Tower as a Papist in 1679, and released in 1680. In 1684 he became President of the Royal Society, and he died in 1703, and is buried in St. Olave's, Crutched Friars.

Pepys mentions, in 1660, his coat with long skirts, fur cap, and buckles on his shoes. The coat was, doubtless, an old-fashioned Cromwellian coat with no waist.

Later he goes to see Mr. Calthrop, and wears his white suit with silver lace, having left off his great skirt-coat. He leaves Mr. Calthrop to lay up his money and change his shoes and stockings.

He mentions his scarlet waistclothes, presumably a sash, and regards Mr. John Pickering as an ass because of his feathers and his new suit made at the Hague. He mentions his linning stockings and wide cannons. This mention of wide cannons leads me to suppose that at this time any ornament at the knee would be called cannons, whether it was a part of the breeches or the stockings, or a separate frill or bunch of ribbons to put on.

On July 1, still in the same year, comes home his fine camlett cloak and gold buttons; also a silk suit. Later he buys a jackanapes coat with

silver buttons. Then he and Mr. Pin, the tailor, agree upon a velvet coat and cap ('the first I ever had.') He buys short black stockings to wear over silk ones for mourning.

On October 7 he says that, long cloaks being out of fashion, he must get a short one. He speaks of a suit made in France for My Lord costing £200. He mentions ladies' masks.

In 1662 his wife has a pair of peruques of hair and a new-fashioned petticoat of sancenett with black, broad lace. Smocks are mentioned, and linen petticoats.

He has a riding-suit with close knees.

His new lace band is so neat that he is resolved they shall be his great expense. He wears a scallop. In 1663 he has a new black cloth suit, with white linings under all—as the fashion is—to appear under the breeches.

The Queen wears a white-laced waistcoat and a

A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.
(1660—1685)

You will notice her hair in ringlets tied with a ribbon, and dressed over a frame at the sides.

crimson short petticoat. Ladies are wearing hats covered with feathers.

God willing, he will begin next week to wear his three-pound periwig.

He has spent last month (October) £12 on Miss Pepys, and £55 on his clothes. He has silk tops for his legs and a new shag gown. He has a close-bodied coat, light-coloured cloth with a gold edge. He sees Lady Castlemaine in yellow satin with a pinner on.

In 1664 his wife begins to wear light-coloured locks.

In 1665 there is a new fashion for ladies of yellow bird's-eye hood. There is a fear of the hair of periwigs during the Plague. Even in the middle of the Plague Pepys ponders on the next fashion.

In 1666 women begin to wear buttoned-up riding-coats, hats and periwigs.

On October 8 the King says he will set a thrifty fashion in clothes. At this momentous date in history we must break for a minute from

our friend Pepys, and hear how this came about. Evelyn had given the King his pamphlet entitled

'Tyrannus, or the Mode.' The King reads the pamphlet, and is struck with the idea of the Persian coat. A long pause may be made here, in which the reader may float on a mental cloud back into the dim ages in the East, and there behold a transmogrified edition of his own frock-coat gracing the back of some staid philosopher. Evelyn had also published 'Mundus Muliebris; or, the Ladies' Dressing-Room Unlocked.'

So, only one month after the Great Fire of London, only a short time before the Dutch burnt ships in the Medway, only a year after the Plague, King Charles decides to reform the fashion. By October 13 the new vests are made, and the King and the Duke of York try them on. On the

fifteenth the King wears his in public, and says he will never change to another fashion. 'It is,' says Pepys, 'a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black ribband like a pigeon's legs.'

The ladies, to make an alteration, are to wear short skirts. Nell Gwynne had a neat ankle, so I imagine she had a hand in this fashion.

On October 17 the King, seeing Lord St. Alban in an all black suit, says that the black and white makes them look too much like magpies. He bespeaks one of all black velvet.

Sir Philip Howard increases in the Eastern fashion, and wears a nightgown and a turban like a Turk.

On November 2 Pepys buys a vest like the King's.

On November 22 the King of France, Louis XIV., who had declared war against England earlier in the year, says that he will dress all his footmen in vests like the King of England. However, fashion is

beyond the power of royal command, and the world soon followed in the matter of the Persian coat and vest, even to the present day.

Next year, 1667, Pepys notes that Lady Newcastle, in her velvet cap and her hair about her ears, is the talk of the town. She wears a number of black patches because of the pimples about her mouth, she is naked-necked (no great peculiarity), and she wears a *just au corps*, which is a close body-coat.

Pepys notices the shepherd at Epsom with his wool-knit stockings of two colours, mixed. He wears a new camlett cloak. The shoe-strings have given place to buckles, and children wear long coats.

In 1668 his wife wears a flower tabby suit ('everybody in love with it'). He is forced to lend the Duke of York his cloak because it rains. His barber agrees to

keep his periwig in order for £1 a year. He buys a black bombazin suit.

In 1669 his wife wears the new French gown called a sac; he pays 55s. for his new belt. His wife still wears her old flower tabby gown. So ends the dress note in the Diary.

## JAMES THE SECOND

Reigned four years: 1685—1689.
Born 1633. Married, 1661, Anne Hyde; 1673, Mary of Modena.

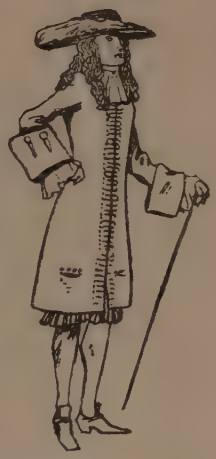
### THE MEN AND WOMEN

In such a short space of time as this reign occupies it is not possible to show any great difference in the character of the dress, but there is a tendency, shown over the country at large, to discard the earlier beribboned fashions, and to take more seriously to the long coat and waistcoat. There is a tendency, even, to become more buttoned up—to present what I can only call a frock-coat figure. The coat became closer to the

A MAN OF THE TIME OF JAMES II.
(1685—1689)

THE body-coat has now become the universal fashion, as have also the wide knee-breeches. Buckles are used on the shoes instead of strings.

body, and was braided across the front in many rows, the ends fringed out and held by buttons. The waistcoat, with the pockets an arm's length down, was cut the same length as the coat. Breeches were more frequently cut tighter, and were buttoned up the side of the leg. The cuffs of the sleeves were wide, and were turned back well over the wrist.

Of course the change was gradual, and more men wore the transitional coat than the tight one. By the coat in its changing stages I mean such a coat as this: the short coat of the early Charles II. period made long, and, following the old lines of cut, correspondingly loose. The sleeves remained much the same, well over the elbow, showing the white shirt full and tied with ribbons. The shoe-strings had nearly died out, giving place to a buckle placed on a strap well over the instep.

There is a hint of growth in the periwig, and of fewer feathers round the brim of the hat; indeed, little low hats with broad brims, merely ornamented

with a bunch or so of ribbons, began to become fashionable.

Swords were carried in broad baldricks richly ornamented.

The waistclothes of Mr. Pepys would, by now, have grown into broad sashes, with heavily fringed ends, and would be worn round the outside coat; for riding, this appears to have been the fashion, together with small peaked caps, like jockey caps, and high boots.

The ladies of this reign simplified the dress into a gown more tight to the bust, the sleeves more like the men's, the skirt still very full, but not quite so long in the train.

Black hoods with or without capes were worn, and wide collars coming over the shoulders again came into fashion. The pinner, noticed by Pepys, was often worn.

But the most noticeable change occurs in the dress of countryfolk and ordinary citizens. The men began to drop all forms of doublet, and

## A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF JAMES II.

(1685—1689)

NOTICE the broad collar again in use, also the nosegay. The sleeves are more in the mannish fashion.

take to the long coat, a suit of black grogram below the knees, a sash, and a walking-stick; for the cold, a short black cloak. In the country the change would be very noticeable. The country town, the countryside, was, until a few years back, distinctly Puritanical in garb; there were Elizabethan doublets on old men, and wide Cromwellian breeches, patched doubtless, walked the market-place. Hair was worn short. Now the russet brown clothes take a decided character in the direction of the Persian coat and knickerbockers closed at the knee. The good-wife of the farmer knots a loose cloth over her head, and pops a broad-brimmed man's hat over it. She has the sleeves of her dress made with turned-back cuffs, like her husband's, ties her shoes with strings, laces her dress in front, so as to show a bright-coloured under-bodice, and, as like as not, wears a green pinner (an apron with bib, which was pinned on to the dress), and altogether brings herself up to date.

One might see the farmer's wife riding to market with her eggs in a basket covered with a corner of her red cloak, and many a red cloak would she meet

on the way to clep with on the times and the fashions. The green apron was a mark of a Quaker in America, and the Society of Friends was not by any means sad in colour until late in their history.

Most notable was the neckcloth in this unhappy reign, which went by the name of Judge Jeffreys' hempen cravat.

## WILLIAM AND MARY

Reigned thirteen years: 1689—1702.
The King born in 1650; the Queen born in 1662; married in 1677.

### THE MEN

First and foremost, the wig. Periwig, peruke, campaign wig with pole-locks or dildos, all the rage, all the thought of the first gentlemen. Their heads loaded with curl upon curl, long ringlets hanging over their shoulders and down their backs, some brown, some covered with meal until their coats looked like millers' coats; scented hair, almost hiding the loose-tied cravat, 'most agreeably discoloured with snuff from top to bottom.'

My fine gentleman walking the street with the square-cut coat open to show a fine waistcoat, his stick hanging by a ribbon on to his wrist and rattling on the pavement as it dragged along, his hat carefully perched on his wig, the crown made wide and high to hold the two wings of curls, which formed a negligent central parting. His pockets, low down in his coat, show a lace kerchief half dropping from one of them. One hand is in a small muff, the other holds a fine silver-gilt box filled with Vigo snuff. He wears high-heeled shoes, red heeled, perhaps, and the tongue of his shoe sticks up well above the instep. Probably he is on his way to the theatre, where he will comb his periwig in public, and puff away the clouds of powder that come from it. The fair lady in a side box, who hides her face behind a mask, is delighted if Sir Beau will bow to her.

We are now among most precise people. One must walk here with just such an air of artificiality as will account one a

A MAN OF THE TIME OF WILLIAM AND MARY (1689—1702)

STRINGS again in use on the shoes. Cuffs much broader; wigs more full; skirts wider. Coat left open to show the long waistcoat.

fellow of high tone. The more enormous is our wig, the more frequently we take a pinch of Violet Strasburg or Best Brazil, Orangery, Bergamotte, or Jassamena, the more shall we be followed by persons anxious to learn the fashion. We may even draw a little silver bowl from our pocket, place it on a seat by us, and, in meditative mood, spit therein.

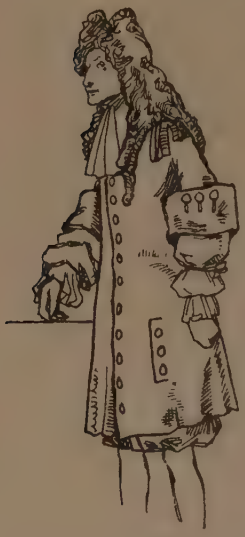
We have gone completely into skirted coats and big flapped waistcoats; we have adopted the big cuff buttoned back; we have given up altogether the wide knee-breeches, and wear only breeches not tight to the leg, but just full enough for comfort.

The hats have altered considerably now; they are cocked up at all angles, turned off the forehead, turned up one side, turned up all round; some are fringed with gold or silver lace, others are crowned with feathers.

We hear of such a number of claret-coloured suits that we must imagine that colour to be all the rage, and, in contrast to other times not long gone by, we must stiffen ourselves in buckram-lined skirts.

These powdered Absaloms could change themselves into very fine fighting creatures, and look twice as sober again when occasion demanded. They rode about the country in periwigs, certainly, but

not quite so bushy and curled; many of them took to the travelling or campaign wig with the dildos or pole-locks. These wigs were full over the ears and at the sides of the forehead, but they were low in the crown, and the two front ends were twisted into single pipes of hair; or the pipes of hair at the side were entirely removed, and one single pipe hung down the back. The custom of thus twisting the hair at the back, and there holding it with a ribbon, gave rise to the later pigtail. The periwigs so altered were known as short bobs, the bob being the fullness of the hair by the cheeks of the wig.



The cuffs of the coat-sleeve varied to the idea and taste of the owner of the coat; sometimes the sleeve was widened at the elbow to 18 inches, and the cuffs, turned back to meet the sleeves, were wider still. Two, three, or even more buttons held the cuff back.

The pockets on the coats were cut vertically and

horizontally, and these also might be buttoned up. Often the coat was held by only two centre buttons, and the waistcoat flaps were not buttoned at all. The men's and women's muffs were small, and often tied and slung with ribbons.

Plain round riding-coats were worn, fastened by a clasp or a couple of large buttons.

The habit of tying the neck-cloth in a bow with full hanging ends was dying out, and a more loosely tied cravat was being worn; this was finished with fine lace ends, and was frequently worn quite long.

Stockings were pulled over the knee, and were gartered below and rolled above it.

The ordinary citizen wore a modified edition of these clothes—plain in cut, full, without half the

number of buttons, and without the tremendous periwig, wearing merely his own hair long.

For convenience in riding, the skirts of the coats were slit up the back to the waist; this slit could be buttoned up if need be.

Now, let us give the dandy of this time his pipe, and let him go in peace. Let us watch him stroll down the street, planting his high heels carefully, to join two companions outside the tobacco shop. Here, by the great carved wood figure of a smoking Indian with his kilt of tobacco leaves, he meets his fellows. From the hoop hung by the door one chooses a pipe, another asks for a quid to chew and a spittoon, the third calls for a paper of snuff newly rasped. Then they pull aside the curtains and go into the room behind the shop, where, seated at a table made of planks upon barrels, they will discuss the merits of smoking, chewing, and snuffing.

'We three are engaged in one cause,
I snuffs, I smokes, and I chaws.'

## THE WOMEN

Let me picture for you a lady of this time in the language of those learned in dress, and you will see how much it may benefit.

'We see her coming afar off; against the yew hedge her weeds shine for a moment. We see her figuretto gown well looped and puffed with the monte-la-haut. Her échelle is beautiful, and her pinner exquisitely worked. We can see her commode, her top-not, and her fontage, for she wears no rayonné. A silver pin holds her meurtriers, and the fashion suits better than did the crève-cœurs. One hand holds her Saxon green muffetee, under one arm is her chapeau-bras. She is beautiful, she needs no plumpers, and she regards us kindly with her watchet eyes.'

A lady of this date would read this and enjoy it, just as a lady of to-day would understand modern dress language, which is equally peculiar to the mere man. For example, this one of the Queen of Spain's hats from her trousseau (curiously enough a trousseau is a little bundle):

'The hat is a paille d'Italie trimmed with a profusion of pink roses, accompanied by a pink chiffon

ruffle fashioned into masses bouillonnée arranged at intervals and circled with wreaths of shaded roses.'

The modern terms so vaguely used are shocking, and the descriptive names given to colours by dress-artists are horrible beyond belief—such as Watteau pink and elephant grey, not to speak of Sèvres-blue cherries.

However, the female mind delights in such jargon and hotch-potch.

Let me be kind enough to translate our William and Mary fashion language. 'Weeds' is a term still in use in 'widow's weeds,' meaning the entire dress appearance of a woman. A 'figuretto gown looped and puffed with the monte-la-haut' is a gown of figured material gathered into loops over the petticoat and stiffened out with wires 'monte-la-haut.' The 'échelle' is a stomacher laced with ribbons in rungs like a ladder. Her 'pinner' is her apron. The 'commode' is the wire frame over which the curls are arranged, piled up in

high masses over the forehead. The 'top-not' is a large bow worn at the top of the commode; and the 'fontage' or 'tower' is a French arrangement of alternate layers of lace and ribbon raised one above another about half a yard high. It was invented in the time of Louis XIV., about 1680, by Mademoiselle Fontage. The 'rayonné' is a cloth hood pinned in a circle. The 'meurtriers,' or murderers, are those twists in the hair which tie or unloose the arrangements of curls; and the 'crève-cœurs' are the row of little forehead curls of the previous reign. A 'muffetee' is a little muff, and a 'chapeau-bras' is a hat never worn, but made to be carried under the arm by men or women; for the men hated to disarrange their wigs.

'Plumpers' were artificial arrangements for filling out the cheeks, and 'watchet' eyes are blue eyes.

The ladies have changed a good deal by the middle of this reign: they have looped up the gown

till it makes side-panniers and a bag-like droop at the back; the under-gown has a long train, and the bodice is long-waisted. The front of the bodice is laced open, and shows either an arrangement of ribbon and lace or a piece of the material of the under-gown.

Black pinners in silk with a deep frill are worn as well as the white lace and linen ones.

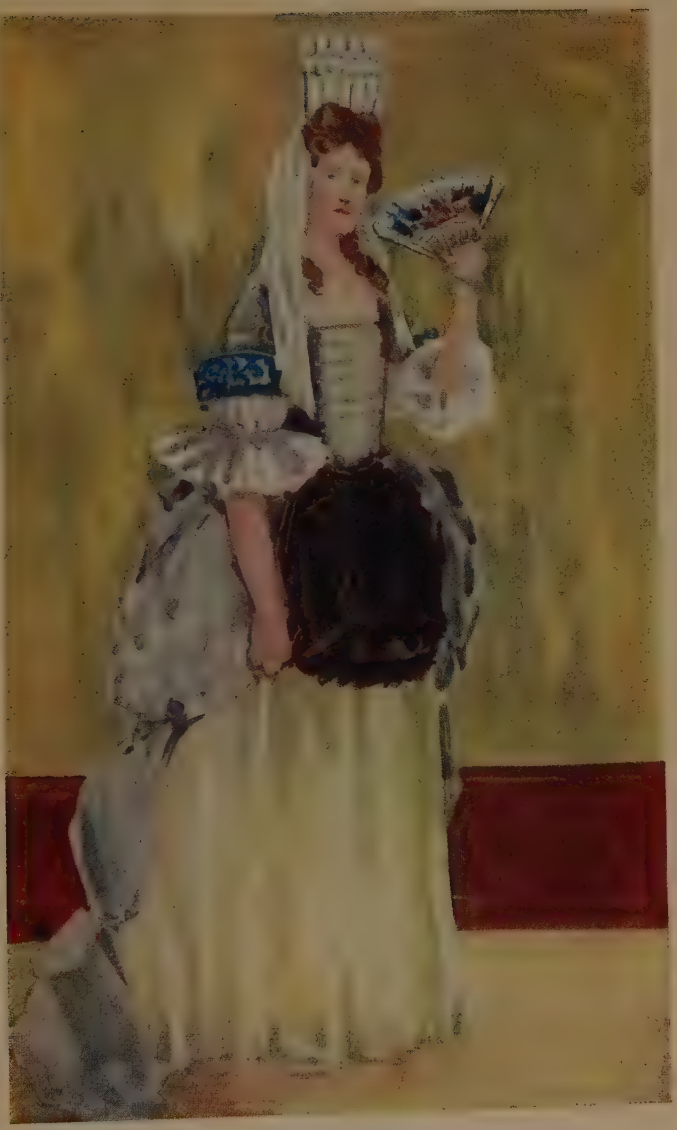
The ladies wear short black capes of this stuff with a deep frill.

Sometimes, instead of the fontage, a lady wears a lace shawl over her head and shoulders, or a sort of lace cap bedizened with coloured ribbons.

Her sleeves are like a man's, except that they come to the elbow only, showing a white under-sleeve of lace gathered into a deep frill of lace just below the elbow.

A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF WILLIAM AND MARY (1689—1702)

HERE you see the cap called the 'fontage,' the black silk apron, the looped skirt, and the hair on the high frame called a 'commode.'



She is very stiff and tight-laced, and very long in the waist; and at the waist where the gown opens and at the loopings of it the richer wear jewelled brooches.

Later in the reign there began a fashion for copying men's clothes, and ladies wore wide skirted coats with deep-flapped pockets, the sleeves of the coats down below the elbow and with deep-turned overcuffs. They wore, like the men, very much puffed and ruffled linen and lace at the wrists. Also they wore men's waistcoat fashions, carried sticks and little arm-hats — chapeau-bras. To complete the dress the hair was done in a bob-wig style, and the cravat was tied round their necks and pinned. For the winter one of those loose Dutch jackets lined and edged with fur, having wide sleeves.

Country Folk.

The general tendency was to look Dutch, stiff, prim, but very prosperous; even the country maid in her best is close upon the heel of fashion with her laced bodice, sleeves with cuffs, apron, and high-heeled shoes.

PROPERTY OF
WESTERN COLLEGE
LOS ANGELES

## QUEEN ANNE

Reigned twelve years: 1702—1714.
Born 1665. Married, 1683, Prince George of Denmark.

### THE MEN AND WOMEN

When I turn to the opening of the eighteenth century, and leave Dutch William and his Hollands and his pipe and his bulb-gardens behind, it seems to me that there is a great noise, a tumultuous chattering. We seem to burst upon a date of talkers, of coffee-houses, of snuff and scandal. All this was going on before, I say to myself—people were wearing powdered wigs, and were taking snuff, and were talking scandal, but it did not appeal so forcibly.

We arrive at Sedan-chairs and hoops too big for them; we arrive at red-heeled shoes. Though both chairs and red heels belong to the previous reign, still, we arrive at them now—they are very much

in the picture. We seem to see a profusion, a confused mass of bobbins and bone lace, mourning hat-bands, silk garters, amber canes correctly conducted, country men in red coats, coxcombs, brass and looking-glass snuff-boxes.

Gentlemen walk past our mental vision with seals curiously fancied and exquisitely well cut.

Ladies are sighing at the toss of a wig or the tap on a snuff-box, falling sick for a pair of striped garters or a pair of fringed gloves. Gentlemen are sitting baldheaded in elegant dressing-gowns, while their wigs are being taken out of roulettes. The peruquier removes the neat, warm clay tube, gives a last pat to the fine pipes of the hair, and then gently places the wig on the waiting gentlemen. If you can look through the walls of London houses you will next see regiments of gentlemen, their faces pressed into glass cones, while the peruquier tosses powder over their newly-put-on periwigs. The bow at the end of the

## A MAN OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE
(1702—1714)

THE coat has become still more full at the sides. The hat has a more generous brim. Red heels in fashion.

long pigtail on the Ramillies wig is tied—that is over.

Running footmen, looking rather like Indians from the outsides of tobacco shops, speed past. They are dressed in close tunics with a fringed edge, which flicks them just above the knee. Their legs are tied up in leather guards, their feet are strongly shod, their wigs are in small bobs. On their heads are little round caps, with a feather stuck in them. In one hand they carry a long stick about 5 feet high, in the top knob of which they carry some food or a message. A message to whom?

A Running Footman.

The running footman knocks on a certain door, and delivers to the pretty maid a note for her ladyship from a handsome, well-shaped youth who frequents the coffee-houses about Charing Cross. There is no answer to the note: her ladyship is too disturbed with household affairs. Her Welsh maid has left her under suspicious circumstances, and has carried off some articles. The lady is even now

but only two or three—at the waist—are buttoned. One hand, with the deep cuff pushed back from the wrist to show his neat frilled shirt, is thrust into his unbuttoned breeches pocket, the two pockets being across the top of his breeches. Round his neck is a black Steenkirk cravat (a black silk tie knotted and twisted or allowed to hang over loose). His hat is of black, and the wide brim is turned back from his forehead. His wig is a short black periwig in bobs—that is, it is gathered into bunches just on the shoulders, and is twisted in a little bob at the back of the neck. I have forgotten whether he wore red or blue stockings rolled above the knee, but either is likely. His shoes are strong, high-heeled, and have a big tongue showing above the buckle.

He tells me that in Norfolk, where he has come from, the hoop has not come into fashion; that ladies there dress much as they did before Queen Anne came to the throne. The fontage is lower, perhaps, the waist may be longer, but skirts are full and have long trains, and are gathered in loops to show the petticoat of silk with its deep

A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE (1702—1714)

NOTICE that the fontage has become much lower, and the hoop of the skirt has become enormous. The hair is more naturally dressed.

double row of flounces. Aprons are worn long, and have good pockets. Cuffs are deep, but are lowered to below the elbow. The bodice of the gown is cut high in the back and low in front, and is decked with a deep frill of lace or linen, which allows less bare neck to show than formerly. A very observant gentleman! 'But you have seen the new hoop?' I ask him. Yes, he has seen it. As he rode into town he noticed that the old fashions gave way to new, that every mile brought the fontage lower and the hair more hidden, until short curls and a little cap of linen or lace entirely replaced the old high head-dress and the profusion of curls on the shoulders. The hoop, he noticed, became larger and larger as he neared the town, and the train grew shorter, and the patterns on the under-skirt grew larger with the hoop.

I leave my gentleman from the country and I stroll about the streets to regard the fashions. Here, I see, is a gentleman in one of the new Ramillies wigs—a wig of white hair drawn back

from the forehead and puffed out full over the ears. At the back the wig is gathered into a long queue, the plaited or twisted tail of a wig, and is ornamented at the top and bottom of the queue with a black bow.

I notice that this gentleman is dressed in more easy fashion than some. His coat is not buttoned, the flaps of his waistcoat are not over big, his breeches are easy, his tie is loose. I know where this gentleman has stepped from; he has come straight out of a sampler of mine, by means of which piece of needlework I can get his story without book. I know that he has a tremendous periwig at home covered with scented powder; I know that he has an elegant suit with fullness of the skirts, at his sides gathered up to a button of silver gilt; there is plenty of lace on this coat,

LOS ANGELES



and deep bands of it on the cuffs. He has also, I am certain, a cane with an amber head very curiously clouded, and this cane he hangs on to his fifth button by a blue silk ribbon. This cane is never used except to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, or point out the circumstances of a story. Also, he has a single eyeglass, or perspective, which he will advance to his eye to gaze at a toast or an orange wench.

There is another figure on the sampler—a lady in one of those wide hoops; she has a fan in her hand. I know her as well as the gentleman, and know that she can use her fan as becomes a prude or a coquette. I know she takes her chocolate in bed at nine in the morning, at eleven she drinks a dish of bohea, tries a new head at her twelve o'clock toilette, and at two cheapens fans at the Change.

I have seen her at her mantua-makers; I have watched her embroider a corner of her flower handkerchief, and give it up to sit before her

glass to determine a patch. She is a good coach-woman, and puts her dainty laced shoe against the opposite seat to balance herself against the many jolts; meanwhile she takes her mask off for a look at the passing world. If only I could ride in the coach with her! If only I could I should see the fruit wenches in sprigged petticoats and flat, broad-brimmed hats; the ballad-sellers in tattered long-skirted coats: the country women in black hoods and cloaks, and the men in frieze coats. The ladies would pass by in pearl necklaces, flowered stomachers, artificial nosegays, and shaded furbelows: one is noted by her muff, one by her tippet, one by her fan. Here a gentleman bows to our coach, and my lady's heart beats to see his open waistcoat, his red heels, his suit of flowered satin. I should not fail to notice the monstrous petticoats worn by ladies in chairs or in coaches, these hoops stuffed out with cordage and stiffened with whalebone, and, according to Mr. Bickerstaff, making the women look like extinguishers—'with a little knob at the

upper end, and widening downward till it ends in a basis of a most enormous circumference.'

To finish. I quite agree with Mr. Bickerstaff, when he mentions the great shoe-shop at the St. James's end of Pall Mall, that the shoes there displayed, notably the slippers with green lace and blue heels, do create irregular thoughts in the youth of this nation.

## GEORGE THE FIRST

Reigned thirteen years : 1714—1727.
Born 1660. Married, 1682, Sophia of Brunswick.

### THE MEN AND WOMEN

1720

We cannot do better than open Thackeray, and put a finger on this passage :

'There is the Lion's Head, down whose jaws the Spectator's own letters were passed ; and over a great banker's in Fleet Street the effigy of the wallet, which the founder of the firm bore when he came into London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean in his cassock, his lacquey marching

before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her footboy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as a boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now).

'Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwig appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharissa beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers bawling and bustling at the door—gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruffs and velvet flat-caps. Perhaps the King's Majesty himself is going to St. James's as we pass.'

*The Four Georges.*

We find ourselves, very willingly, discussing the shoes of the King of France with a crowd of powdered beaux; those shoes the dandyism of

which has never been surpassed, the heels, if you please, painted by Vandermeulen with scenes from Rhenish victories! Or we go to the toy-shops in Fleet Street, where we may make assignations or buy us a mask, where loaded dice are slyly handed over the counter. Everywhere—the beau. He rides the world like a cock-horse, or like Og the giant rode the Ark of Noah, steering it with his feet, getting his washing for nothing, and his meals passed up to him out by the chimney. Here is the old soldier begging in his tattered coat of red; here is a suspicious-looking character with a black patch over his eye; here the whalebone hoop of a petticoat takes up the way, and above the monstrous hoop is the tight bodice, and out of that comes the shoulders supporting the radiant Molly—patches, powder, paint, and smiles. Here a woman passes in a Nithsdale hood, covering her from head

## A MAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE I.

(1714—1727)

THE buckles on the shoes are now much larger; the stockings are loosely rolled above the knee. The great periwig is going out, and the looped and curled wig, very white with powder, is in fashion.

to foot—this great cloak with a piquant history of prison-breaking; here, with a clatter of high red heels, the beau, the everlasting beau, in gold lace, wide cuffs, full skirts, swinging cane. A scene of flashing colours. The coats embroidered with flowers and butterflies, the cuffs a mass of fine sewing, the three-cornered hats cocked at a jaunty angle, the stockings rolled above the knee. Wigs in three divisions of loops at the back pass by, wigs in long queues, wigs in back and side bobs. Lacquer-hilted swords, paste buckles, gold and silver snuff-boxes flashing in the sun, which struggles through the mass of swinging signs.

There is a curious sameness about the clean-shaven faces surmounted by white wigs; there is—if we believe the pictures—a tendency to fat due to the tight waist of the breeches or the buckling of the belts. The ladies wear little lace and linen caps, their hair escaping in a ringlet or so at the side, and flowing down behind, or gathered close up to a small knob on the head. The gentlemen's coats fall in full

folds on either side; the back, at present, has not begun to stick out so heavily with buckram. Aprons for ladies are still worn. Silks and satins, brocades and fine cloths, white wigs powdering velvet shoulders, crowds of cut-throats, elegant gentlemen, patched Aspasias, tavern swindlers, foreign adventurers, thieves, a highwayman, a foot-pad, a poor poet—and narrow streets and mud.

Everywhere we see the skirted coat, the big flapped waistcoat; even beggar boys, little pot-high urchins, are wearing some old laced waistcoat tied with string about their middles—a pair of heel-trodden, buckleless shoes on their feet, more likely bare-footed. Here is a man snatched from the tripe-shop in Hanging Sword Alley by the King's men—a pickpocket, a highwayman, a cut-throat in hiding. He will repent his jokes on Jack Ketch's kitchen when he feels the lash of the whip on his naked shoulders as he screams behind the cart-tail; ladies in flowered hoops will stop to look at him, beaux will lift their quizzing glasses, a young girl will whisper behind a fan, painted with the loves of

Jove, to a gorgeous young fop in a light-buttoned coat of sky-blue.

There is a sadder sight to come, a cart on the way to Tyburn, a poor fellow standing by his coffin with a nosegay in his breast; he is full of Dutch courage, for, as becomes a notorious highwayman, he must show game before the crowd, so he is full of stum and Yorkshire stingo. Maybe we stop to see a pirate hanging in chains by the river, and we are jostled by horse officers and watermen, revenue men and jerkers, and, as usual, the curious beau, his glass to his eye. Never was such a time for curiosity: a man is preaching mystic religion; there is a new flavour to the Rainbow Tavern furmity; there is a fellow who can sew with his toes; a man is in the pillory for publishing Jacobite ballads—and always there is the beau looking on.

Country ladies, still in small hoops, even in full

dresses innocent of whalebone, are bewildered by the noise; country gentlemen, in plain-coloured coats and stout shoes, have come to London on South Sea Bubble business. They will go to the Fair to see the Harlequin and Scaramouch dance, they will buy a new perfume at The Civet Cat, and they will go home—the lady's head full of the new hoop fashion, and she will cut away the sleeve of her old dress and put in fresh lace; the gentleman full of curses on tavern bills and the outrageous price of South Sea shares.

'And what,' says country dame to country dame lately from town—'what is the mode in gentlemen's hair?' Her own goodman has an old periwig, very full, and a small bob for ordinary wear.

'The very full periwig is going out,' our lady assures her; 'a tied wig is quite the mode, a wig in three queues tied in round bobs, or in hair loops, and the long single queue wig is coming in rapidly, and will soon be all the wear.' So, with talk of

A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE I.
(1714—1727)

You will see that the fontage has given way to a small lace cap. The hair is drawn off the forehead. The hoop of the skirt is still large.

flowered tabbies and fine lutestring, are the fashions passed on.

Just as Sir Roger de Coverley nearly called a young lady in riding-dress 'sir,' because of the upper half of her body, so the ladies of this day might well be taken for 'sirs,' with their double-breasted riding-coats like the men, and their hair in a queue surmounted by a cocked hat.

Colours and combinations of colours are very striking: petticoats of black satin covered with large bunches of worked flowers, morning gown of yellow flowered satin faced with cherry-coloured bands, waistcoats of one colour with a fringe of another, bird's-eye hoods, bodices covered with gold lace and embroidered flowers—all these gave a gay, artificial appearance to the age; but we are to become still more quaintly devised, still more powdered and patched, in the next reign.

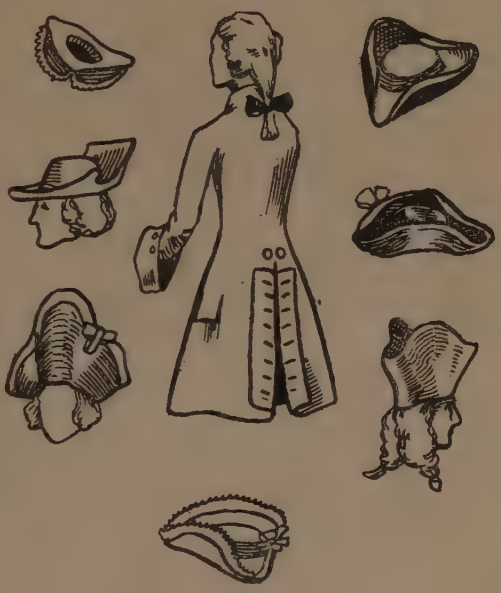
## GEORGE THE SECOND

Reigned thirty-three years: 1727—1760.
Born 1683. Married, 1705, Caroline of Anspach.

### THE MEN

JUST a few names of wigs, and you will see how the periwig has gone into the background, how the bobwig has superseded the campaign-wig; you will find a veritable confusion of barbers' enthusiasms, half-forgotten designs, names dependent on a twist, a lock, a careful disarrangement—pigeon's-wing wigs with wings of hair at the sides, comets with long, full tails, cauliflowers with a profusion of curls, royal bind-wigs, staircase wigs, ladders, brushes, Count Saxe wigs, cut bobs, long bobs, negligents, chain-buckles, drop-wigs, bags. Go and look at Hogarth; there's a world of dress for you by the grim humorist who painted Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, in her cell; who painted 'Taste in High Life.' Wigs! inexhaustible subject—wigs passing from father to son until they arrived

at the second-hand dealers in Monmouth Street, and there, after a rough overhauling, began a new life. There was a wig lottery at sixpence a ticket in Rosemary Lane, and with even ordinary wigs—Grizzle Majors at twenty-five shillings, Great Tyes at a guinea, and Brown Bag-wigs at fifteen shillings—quite a considerable saving might be made by the lucky lottery winner.



On wigs, hats cocked to suit the passing fashion, broad-brimmed, narrow-brimmed, round, three-cornered, high-brimmed, low-brimmed, turned high off the forehead, turned low in front and high at the back—an endless crowd. Such a day for clothes, for patches, and politics, Tory side and Whig to your

face, Tory or Whig cock to your hat; pockets high, pockets low, stiff cuffs, crushable cuffs, a regular jumble of go-as-you-please. Let me try to sort the jumble.

Foremost, the coat. The coat is growing more full, more spread; it becomes, on the beau, a great spreading, flaunting, skirted affair just buttoned by a button or two at the waist. It is laced or embroidered all over; it is flowered or plain. The cuffs are huge; they will, of course, suit the fancy of the owner, or the tailor. About 1745 they will get small—some will get small; then the fashions begin to run riot; by

A MAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE II.

(1727—1760)

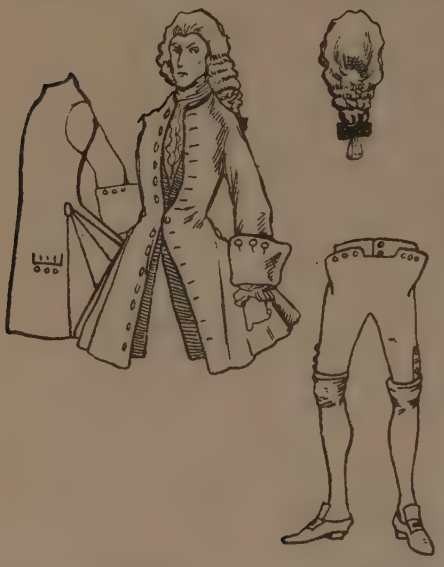
NOTICE the heavy cuffs, and the very full skirts of the coat. He carries a *chapeau bras* under his arm—a hat for carrying only, since he will not ruffle his wig. He wears a black satin tie to his wig, the ends of which tie come round his neck, are made into a bow, and brooched with a solitaire.

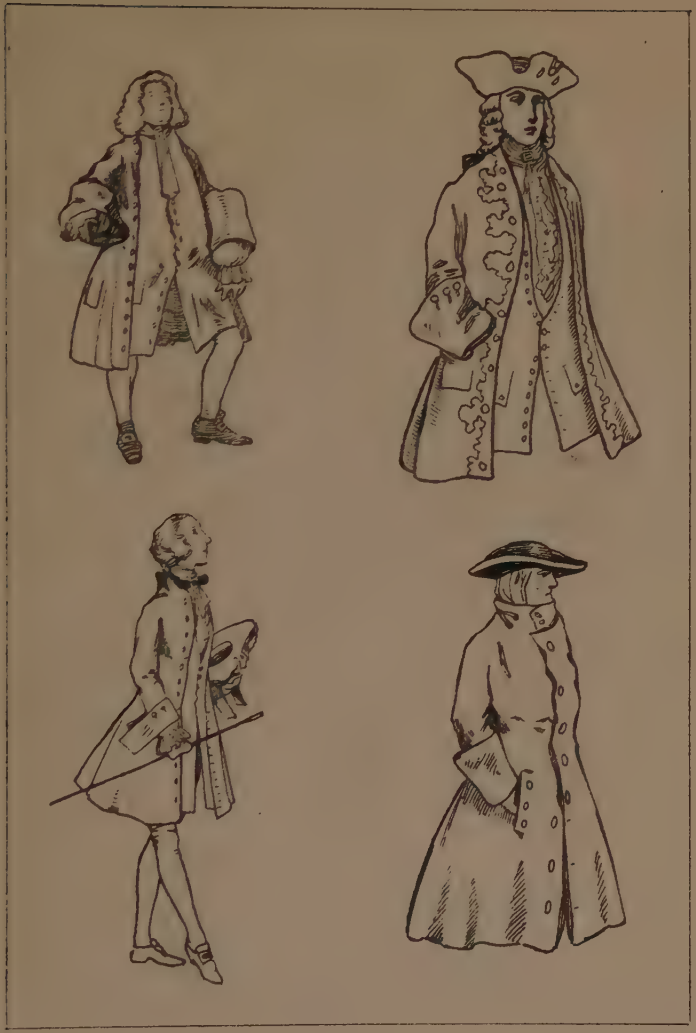
the cut of coat you may not know the date of it, then, when you pass it in the street. From 1745 there begins the same jumble as to-day, a hopeless thing to unravel; in the next reign, certainly, you may tell yourself here is one of the new Macaronies, but that will be all you will mark out of the crowd of fashions—one more remarkable, newer than the rest, but perhaps you have been in the country for a week, and a new mode has come in and is dying out.

From coat let us look at waistcoat. Full flaps and long almost to the knees; but again, about 1756, they will be shorter. They are fringed, flowered, laced, open to show the lace cravat fall so daintily, to show the black velvet bow-tie that comes over from the black velvet, or silk, or satin tie of the queue. Ruffles of lace, of all qualities, at the wrists, the beau's hand emerging with his snuff-box from a filmy froth of white lace.

In this era of costume — from George I. to George IV.—the great thing to remember is that the coat changes more than anything else; from

the stiff William and Mary coat with its deep, stiff cuffs, you see the change towards the George I. coat, a looser cut of the same design, still simple in embroideries; then the coat skirts are gathered to a button at each side of the coat just behind the pockets. Then, in George II.'s reign, the skirt hangs in parallel folds free from the button, and shapes to the back more closely, the opening of the coat, from the neck to the waist, being so cut as to hang over the buttons and show the cravat and the waistcoat. Then, later in the same reign, we see the coat with the skirts free of buckram and very full all round, and the cuffs also free of stiffening and folding with the crease of the elbow. Then, about 1745, we get the coat left more open, and, for the beau, cut much shorter—this often worn over a double-





breasted waistcoat. Then, arriving at George III., we get a long series of coat changes, with a collar on it, turned over and standing high in the neck, with the skirts buttoned back, then cut away; then the front of the coat cut away like the modern dress-coat.

In following out these really complicated changes, I have done my best to make my meaning clear by placing dates against those drawings where dates are valuable, hoping by this means to show the rise and fall of certain fashions more clearly than any description would do.

It will be noticed that, for ceremony, the periwig gave place to the tie-wig, or, in some few cases, to natural hair curled and powdered. The older men kept to the periwig no doubt from fondness of the old and, as they thought, more grave fashion; but, as I showed at the beginning of the chapter, the beau and the young man, even the quite middle-class man, wore, or had the choice of wearing, endless varieties of false attires of hair.

The sporting man had his own idea of dress, even as to-day he has a piquant idea in clothes, and who shall say he has not the right? A black wig, a jockey cap with a bow at the back of it, a very

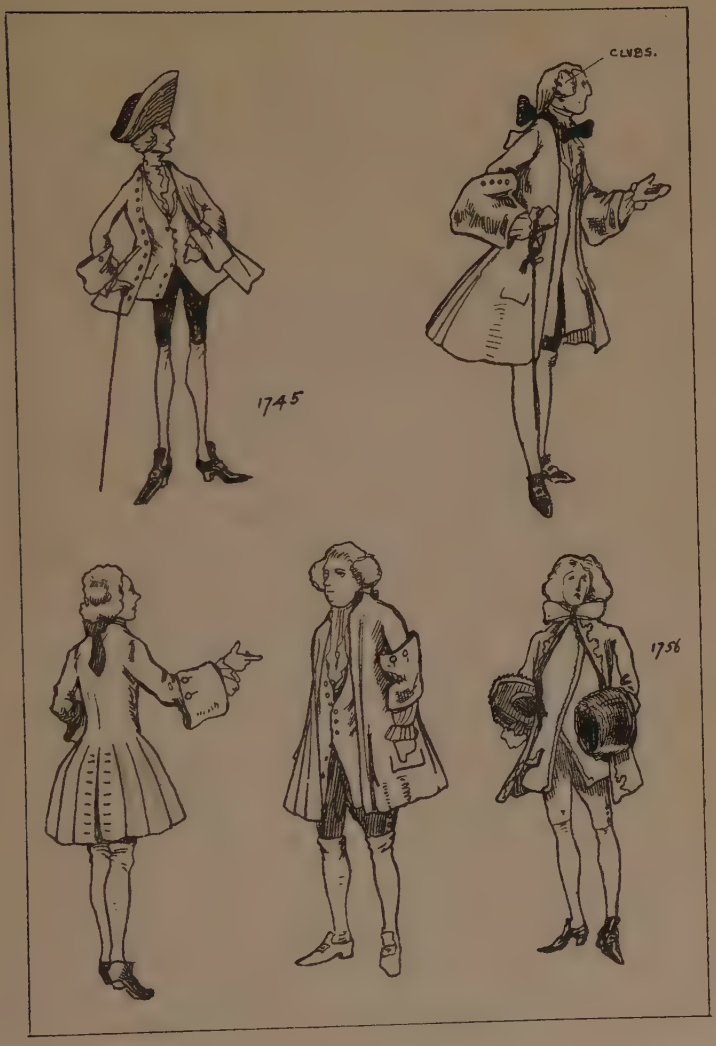
resplendent morning gown richly laced, a morning cap, and very comfortable embroidered slippers, such mixtures of clothes in his wardrobe—his coat, no doubt, a little over-full, but of good cloth, his fine clothes rather over-embroidered, his tie-wig often pushed too far back on his forehead, and so showing his cropped hair underneath.

Muffs must be remembered, as every dandy carried a muff in winter, some big, others grotesquely small. Bath must be remembered, and the great Beau Nash in the famous Pump-Room—as Thackeray says, so say I: 'I should like to have seen the Folly,' he says, meaning Nash. 'It was a splendid embroidered, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent Folly, and knew how to make itself respected. I should like to have seen that noble old madcap Peterborough in his boots (he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots!), with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in his hand, which he had been cheapening for his dinner.'

It was the fashion to wear new clothes on the Queen's birthday, March 1, and then the streets noted the loyal people who indulged their extravagance or pushed a new fashion on that day.

Do not forget that no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down; a man's a man for all his tailor tells him he is a walking fashion plate. Those who liked short cuffs wore them, those who did not care for solitaires did without; the height of a heel, the breadth of a buckle, the sweep of a skirt, all lay at the taste of the owner — merely would I have you remember the essentials.

There was a deal of dressing up — the King, bless you, in a Turkish array at a masque—the day of the Corydon and Sylvia: mock shepherd, dainty shepherdess was here; my lord in silk loose coat with paste buttons, fringed waistcoat, little three-cornered hat under his arm, and a pastoral staff between his fingers, a crook covered with cherry and blue ribbons; and my lady in such a hoop of sprigged silk or some such stuff, the tiniest of straw hat on her head, high heels


CLUBS.
1745
1756

tapping the ground, all a-shepherding — what? Cupids, I suppose, little Dresden loves, little comfit-box jokes, little spiteful remarks about the Germans.

Come, let me doff my Kevenhuller hat with the gold fringe, bring my red heels together with a smart tap, bow, with my hand on the third button of my coat from which my stick dangles, and let me introduce the ladies.

## THE WOMEN

I will introduce the fair, painted, powdered, patched, perfumed sex (though this would do for man or woman of the great world then) by some lines from the *Bath Guide:*

> 'Bring, O bring thy essence-pot,
> Amber, musk, and bergamot;
> Eau de chipre, eau de luce,
> Sanspareil, and citron juice.
> * * * * *
> In a band-box is contained
> Painted lawns, and chequered shades,
> Crape that's worn by love-lorn maids,
> Watered tabbies, flowered brocades;
> Straw-built hats, and bonnets green,
> Catgut, gauzes, tippets, ruffs;
> Fans and hoods, and feathered muffs,

A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE II.
(1727—1760)

SHE is wearing a large pinner over her dress. Notice the large panniers, the sleeves without cuffs, the tied cap, and the shortness of the skirts.

Stomachers, and Paris nets,
Earrings, necklaces, aigrets,
Fringes, blouses, and mignionets;
Fine vermillion for the cheek,
Velvet patches à la grecque.
Come, but don't forget the gloves,
Which, with all the smiling loves,
Venus caught young Cupid picking
From the tender breast of chicken.'

Now I think it will be best to describe a lady of quality. In the first years of the reign she still wears the large hoop skirt, a circular whalebone arrangement started at the waist, and, at intervals, the hoops were placed so that the petticoat stood out all round like a bell; over this the skirt hung stiff and solemn. The bodice was tight-laced, cut square in front where the neckerchief of linen or lace made the edge soft. The sleeves still retained the cuff covering the elbow, and the

under-sleeve of linen with lace frills came halfway down the forearm, leaving bare arm and wrist to show.

Over the skirt she would wear, as her taste held her, a long, plain apron, or a long, tucked apron, or an apron to her knees. The bodice generally formed the top of a gown, which gown was very full-skirted, and was divided so as to hang back behind the dress, showing, often, very little in front. This will be seen clearly in the illustrations.

The hair is very tightly gathered up behind, twisted into a small knob on the top of the head, and either drawn straight back from the forehead or parted in the middle, allowing a small fringe to hang on the temples. Nearly every woman wore a small cap or a small round straw hat with a ribbon round it.

The lady's shoes would be high-heeled and pointed-toed, with a little buckle and strap.

About the middle of the reign the sacque became the general town fashion, the sacque being so named on account of the back, which fell from the shoulders into wide, loose folds over the hooped petticoat. The sacque was gathered at the back

in close pleats, which fell open over the skirt part of this dress. The front of the sacque was sometimes open, sometimes made tight in the bodice.

Now the lady would puff her hair at the sides and powder it; if she had no hair she wore false, and a little later a full wig. She would now often discard her neat cap and wear a veil behind her back, over her hair, and falling over her shoulders.

In 1748, so they say, and so I believe to be true, the King, walking in the Mall, saw the Duchess of Bedford riding in a blue riding-habit with white silk facings—this would be a man's skirted coat, double-breasted, a cravat, a three-corned hat, and a full blue skirt. He admired her dress so much and thought it so neat that he straightway ordered that the officers of the navy, who, until now, had worn scarlet, should take this coat for the model

of their new uniform. So did the navy go into blue and white.

The poorer classes were not, of course, dressed in hooped skirts, but the bodice and gown over the petticoat, the apron, and the turned back cuff to the short sleeve were worn by all. The orange wench laced her gown neatly, and wore a white cloth tied over her head; about her shoulders she wore a kerchief of white, and often a plain frill of linen at her elbows. There were blue canvas, striped dimity, flannel, and ticken for the humble; for the rich, lustrings, satins, Padesois, velvets, damasks, fans and Leghorn hats, bands of Valenciennes and Point de Dunquerque—these might be bought of Mrs. Holt, whose card Hogarth engraved, at the Two Olive Posts in the Broad part of the Strand.

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five saw the one

horse chairs introduced from France, called cabriolets, the first of our own extraordinary wild-looking conveyances contrived for the minimum of comfort and the maximum of danger. This invention captivated the hearts of both men and women. The men painted cabriolets on their waistcoats, they embroidered them on their stockings, they cut them out in black silk and patched their cheeks with them, horse and all; the women began to take up, a little later, the cabriolet caps with round sides like linen wheels, and later still, at the very end of the reign, there began a craze for such head-dresses—post-chaises, chairs and chairmen, even waggons, and this craze grew and grew, and hair grew—in wigs—to meet the cry for hair and straw men-of-war, for loads of hay, for birds of paradise, for goodness knows what forms of utter absurdity, all of which I put down to the introduction of the cab.

I think that I can best describe the lady of this day as a swollen, skirted figure with a pinched waist, little head of hair, or tiny cap, developing into a loose sacque-backed figure still whaleboned out, with hair puffed at the sides and powdered, getting ready to develop again into a queer figure

under a tower of hair, but that waits for the next reign.

One cannot do better than go to Hogarth's prints and pictures — wonderful records of this time—one picture especially, 'Taste in High Life,' being a fine record of the clothes of 1742; here you will see the panier and the sacque, the monstrous muff, the huge hoop, the long-tailed wig, the black boy and the monkey. In the 'Noon' of the 'Four Parts of the Day' there are clothes again satirized.

I am trusting that the drawings will supply what my words have failed to picture, and I again—for the twenty-first time—repeat that, given the cut and the idea of the time, the student has always to realize that there can be no hard-and-fast rule about the fashions; with the shape he can take liberties up to the points shown, with colour he can do anything — patterns of the materials are obtainable, and Hogarth will give anything required in detail.

## GEORGE THE THIRD

Reigned sixty years: 1760—1820.
Born 1738. Married, 1761, Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

### THE MEN AND WOMEN

THROUGHOUT this long reign the changes of costume are so frequent, so varied, and so jumbled together, that any precise account of them would be impossible. I have endeavoured to give a leading example of most kind of styles in the budget of drawings which goes with this chapter.

Details concerning this reign are so numerous: Fashion books, fashion articles in the *London Magazine*, the *St. James's Chronicle*, works innumerable on hair-dressing, tailors' patterns—these are easily within the reach of those who hunt the second-hand shops, or are within reasonable distance of a library.

Following my drawings, you will see in the

A MAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE III.
(1760—1820)

THE full-skirted coat, though still worn, has given way, in general, to the tail-coat. The waistcoat is much shorter. Black silk knee-breeches and stockings are very general.

1786
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1768
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1780
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1804
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The Calash.
1785
1790
1790
1804

first the ordinary wig, skirted coat, knee-breeches, chapeau-bras, cravat or waistcoat, of the man about town. I do not mean of the exquisite about town, but, if you will take it kindly, just such clothes as you or I might have worn.

In the second drawing we see a fashionable man, who might have strutted past the first fellow in the Park. His hair is dressed in a twisted roll; he wears a tight-brimmed little hat, a frogged coat, a fringed waistcoat, striped breeches, and buckled shoes.

In the third we see the dress of a Macaroni. On his absurd wig he wears a little Nevernoise hat; his cravat is tied in a bow; his breeches are loose, and beribboned at the knee. Many of these Macaronis wore coloured strings at the knee of their breeches, but the fashion died away when Jack Rann, 'Sixteen String Jack,' as he was called after this fashion, had been hung in this make of breeches.

In number four we see the development of the tail-coat and the high-buttoned waistcoat. The tail-coat is, of course, son to the frock-coat, the skirts of which, being inconvenient for riding, had first been buttoned back and then cut back to give more play.

A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE III.
(1760—1820)

In the earlier half of the reign. Notice her sack dress over a satin dress, and the white, elaborately made skirt. Also the big cap and the curls of white wig.

In the fifth drawing we see the double-breasted cut-away coat.

Number six is but a further tail-coat design.

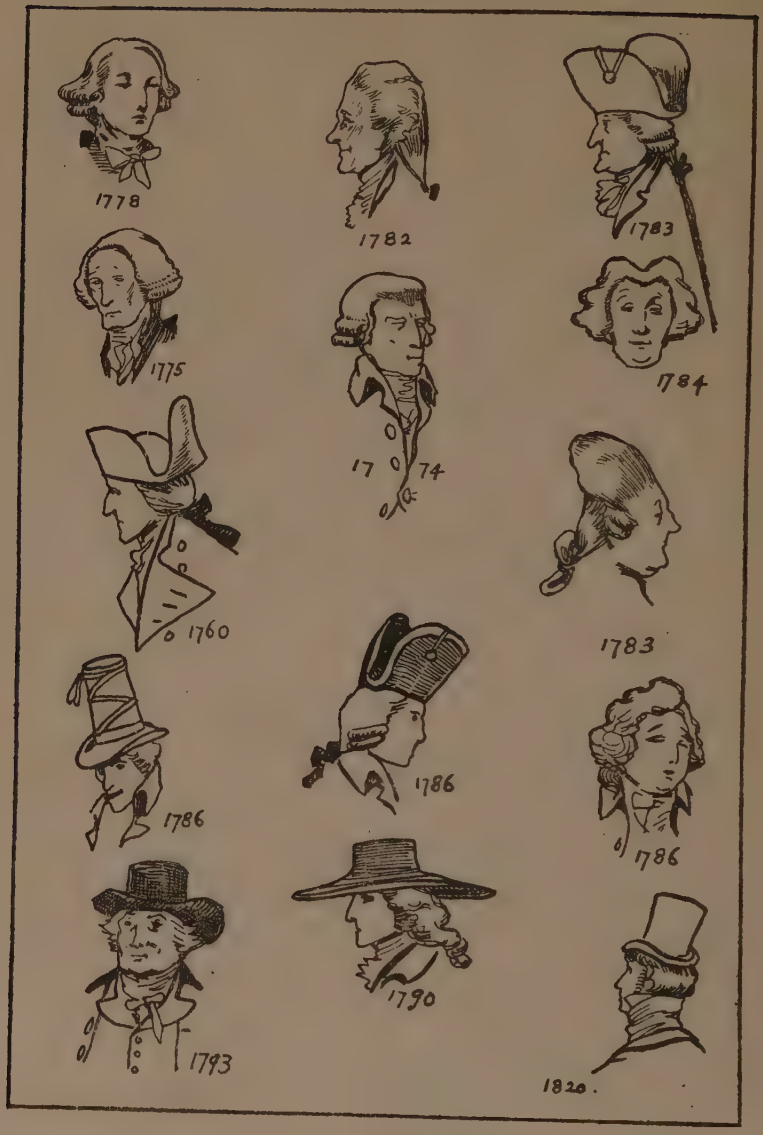
Number seven shows how different were the styles at one time. Indeed, except for the Macaroni and other extreme fashions, the entire budget of men as shown might have formed a crowd in the Park on one day about twenty years before the end of the reign. There would not be much powdered hair after 1795, but a few examples would remain.

A distinct change is shown in the eighth drawing of the long-tailed, full coat, the broad hat, the hair powdered, but not tied.

Number nine is another example of the same style.

The tenth drawing shows the kind of hat we associate with Napoleon, and, in fact, very Napoleonic garments.

In eleven we have a distinct change in the appearance of English dress. The gentleman is a Zebra, and is so-called from his striped clothes. He is, of course, in the extreme of fashion, which did not last for long; but it shows a tendency towards later Georgian appearance—the top-hat,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1820.

## A MAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

(1760—1820)

THE cuffs have gone, and now the sleeve is left unbuttoned at the wrist. The coat is long and full-skirted, but not stiffened. The cravat is loosely tied, and the frilled ends stick out. These frills were, in the end, made on the shirt, and were called chitterlings.

the shorter hair, the larger neck-cloth, the pantaloons—forerunners of Brummell's invention—the open sleeve.

Number twelve shows us an ordinary gentleman in a coat and waistcoat, with square flaps, called dog's ears.

As the drawings continue you can see that the dress became more and more simple, more like modern evening dress as to the coats, more like modern stiff fashion about the neck.

The drawings of the women's dresses should also speak for themselves. You may watch the growth of the wig and the decline of the hoop—I trust with ease. You may see those towers of hair of which there are so many stories. Those masses of meal and stuffing, powder and pomatum, the dressing of which took many hours. Those piles of decorated, perfumed, reeking mess, by which a lady could show her fancy for the navy by balancing a straw ship on her head, for sport by showing a coach, for gardening by a regular bed of flowers. Heads which were only dressed, perhaps, once in three weeks, and were then re-scented because it was necessary. Monstrous germ-gatherers of horse-hair, hemp-wool, and

powder, laid on in a paste, the cleaning of which is too awful to give in full detail. 'Three weeks,' says my lady's hairdresser, 'is as long as

a head can go well in the summer without being opened.'

Then we go on to the absurd idea which came over womankind that it was most becoming to

A WOMAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE III.
(1760—1820)

THIS shows the last of the pannier dresses, which gave way in 1794 or 1795 to Empire dresses. A change came over all dress after the Revolution.

PROPERTY OF
COSTUME CO.
LOS ANGELES

look like a pouter pigeon. She took to a buffon, a gauze or fine linen kerchief, which stuck out pigeon-like in front, giving an exaggerated bosom to those who wore it. With this fashion of 1786 came the broad-brimmed hat.

Travel a little further and you have the mob cap.

All of a sudden out go hoops, full skirts, high hair, powder, buffons, broad-brimmed hats, patches, high-heeled shoes, and in come willowy figures and thin, nearly transparent dresses, turbans, low shoes, straight fringes.

I am going to give a chapter from a fashion book, to show you how impossible it is to deal with the vagaries of fashion in the next reign, and if I chose to occupy the space, I could give a similar chapter to make the confusion of this reign more confounded.

## GEORGE THE FOURTH

Reigned ten years: 1820—1830.
Born 1762. Married, 1795, Caroline of Brunswick.

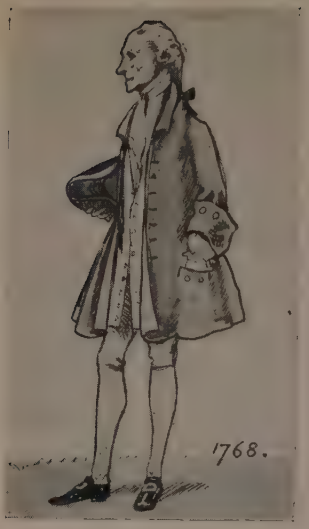
Out of the many fashion books of this time I have chosen, from a little brown book in front of me, a description of the fashions for ladies during one part of 1827. It will serve to show how mere man, blundering on the many complexities of the feminine passion for dress—I was going to say clothes—may find himself left amid a froth of frills, high and dry, except for a whiff of spray, standing in his unromantic garments on the shore of the great world of gauze and gussets, while the most noodle-headed girl sails gracefully away upon the high seas to pirate some new device of the Devil or Paris.

Our wives—bless them!—occasionally treat us to a few bewildering terms, hoping by their gossamer knowledge to present to our gaze a mental picture

DRAWINGS TO ILLUSTRATE THE COSTUME OF THE REIGN OF

# GEORGE THE THIRD

THE FIRST FORTY-EIGHT DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR, AND THE REMAINING TWELVE BY THE DIGHTONS, FATHER AND SON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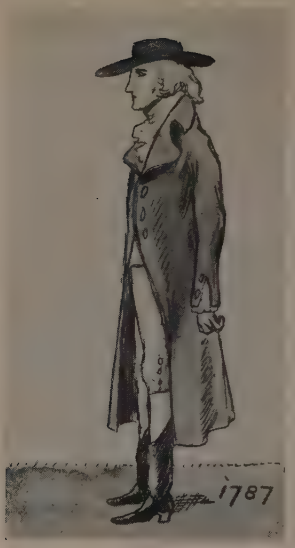
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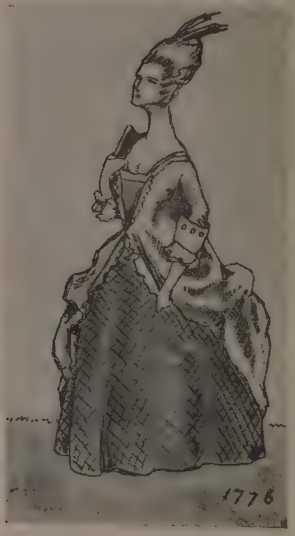
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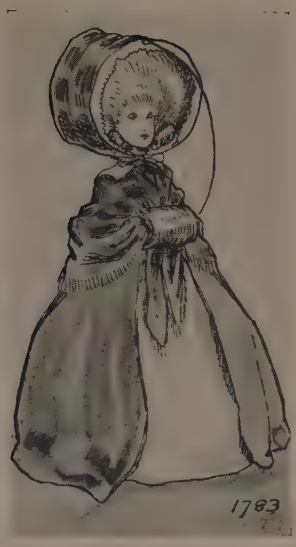
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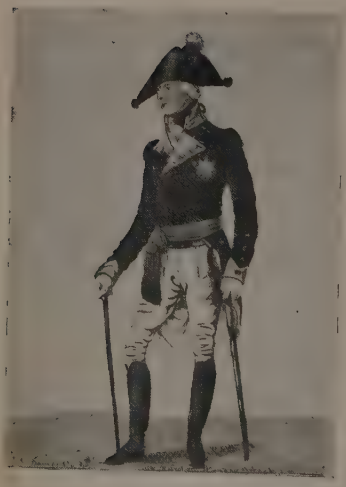
The King.

The Navy.



The Army.

Pensioners.

The Church.

The Law.

The Stage.

The Universities.

The Country.

The Duke of Norfolk.

The City.

The Duke of Queensberry.

of a new, adorable, ardently desired—hat. Perhaps those nine proverbial tailors who go to make the one proverbial man, least of his sex, might, by a strenuous effort, confine the history of clothes during this reign into a compact literature of forty volumes. It would be indecent, as undecorous as the advertisements in ladies' papers, to attempt to fathom the language of the man who endeavoured to read the monumental effigy to the vanity of human desire for adornment. But is it adornment?

Nowadays to be dressed well is not always the same thing as to be well dressed. Often it is far from it. The question of modern clothes is one of great perplexity. It seems that what is beauty one year may be the abomination of desolation the next, because the trick of that beauty has become common property. You puff your hair at the sides, you are in the true sanctum of the mode; you puff your hair at the sides, you are for ever utterly cast out as one having no understanding. I shall not attempt to explain it: it passes beyond the realms of explanation into the pure air of Truth. The Truth is simple. Aristocracy being no longer real, but only a cult, one is afraid of one's servants.

Your servant puffs her hair at the sides, and, hang it! she becomes exactly like an aristocrat. Our servant having dropped her *g's* for many years as well as her *h's*, it behoved us to pronounce our *g's* and our *h's*. Our servants having learned our English, it became necessary for us to drop our *g's*; we seem at present unwilling in the matter of the *h*, but that will come.

To cut the cackle and come to the clothes-horse, let me say that the bunglement of clothes which passes all comprehension in King George IV.'s reign is best explained by my cuttings from the book of one who apparently knew. Let the older writer have his, or her, fling in his, or her, words.

### 'CUROSY REMARKS ON THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

'The City of London is now, indeed, most splendid in its buildings and extent; London is carried into the country; but never was it more deserted.

'A very, very few years ago, and during the summer, the dresses of the wives and daughters of our opulent tradesmen would furnish subjects for the investigators of fashion.

'Now, if those who chance to remain in London take a day's excursion of about eight or ten miles distance from the Metropolis, they hear the inn-keepers deprecating the steamboats, by which they declare they are almost ruined: on Sundays, which would sometimes bring them the clear profits of ten or twenty pounds, they now scarce produce ten shillings.

'No; those of the middle class belonging to *Cockney Island* must leave town, though the days are short, and even getting cold and comfortless; the steamboats carrying them off by shoals to Margate and its vicinity.

'The pursuit after elegant and superior modes of dress must carry us farther; it is now from the rural retirement of the country seats belonging to the noble and wealthy that we must collect them.

'Young ladies wear their hair well arranged, but not quite with the simplicity that prevailed last month; during the warmth of the summer months, the braids across the forehead were certainly the best; but now, when neither in fear of heat or damp, the curls again appear in numerous clusters round the face; and some young ladies, who seem to place their chief pride in a fine head of hair, have such a multitude of small ringlets that give to what is a natural charm all the *poodle-like* appearance of a wig.

'The bows of hair are elevated on the summit of the head, and confined by a comb of tortoise-shell.

'Caps of the cornette kind are much in fashion, made of blond, and ornamented with flowers, or puffs of coloured gauze; most of the cornettes are small, and tie under the chin, with a bow on one side, of white satin ribbon; those which have ribbons or gauze lappets floating loose have them much shorter than formerly.

'A few dress hats have been seen at dinner-parties and musical amateur meetings in the country, of transparent white crape, ornamented with a small elegant bouquet of marabones.

'When these dress hats are of coloured crape, they are generally ornamented with flowers of the same tint as the hat, in preference to feathers.

'Printed muslins and chintzes are still very much worn in the morning walks, with handsome sashes, having three ends depending down each side, not much beyond the hips. With one of these dresses we saw a young lady wear a rich black satin pelerine, handsomely trimmed with a very beautiful black blond; it had a very neat effect, as the dress was light.

'White muslin dresses, though they are always worn partially in the country till the winter actually commences, are now seldom seen except on the young: the embroidery on these dresses is exquisite.

Dresses of Indian red, either in taffety or chintz, have already made their appearance, and are expected to be much in favour the ensuing winter; the chintzes have much black in their patterns; but this light material will, in course, be soon laid aside for silks, and these, like the taffeties which have partially appeared, will no doubt be plain: with these dresses was worn a Canezon spencer, with long sleeves of white muslin, trimmed with narrow lace.

'Gros de Naples dresses are very general, especially for receiving dinner-parties, and for friendly evening society.

'At private dances, the only kind of ball that has at present taken place, are worn dresses of the white-figured gauze over white satin or gros de Naples; at the theatricals sometimes performed by noble amateurs, the younger part of the audience, who do not take a part, are generally attired in very clear muslin, over white satin, with drapery scarves of lace, barêge, or thick embroidered tulle.

'Cachemire shawls, with a white ground, and a pattern of coloured flowers or green foliage, are now much worn in outdoor costumes, especially for the morning walk; the mornings being rather chilly, these warm envelopes are almost indispensable. We are sorry, however, to find our modern

belles so tardy in adopting those coverings, which ought now to succeed to the light appendages of summer costume.

'The muslin Canezon spencer, the silk fichu, and even the lighter barêge, are frequently the sole additions to a high dress, or even to one but partially so.

'We have lately seen finished to the order of a lady of rank in the county of Suffolk, a very beautiful pelisse of jonquil-coloured gros de Naples. It fastens close down from the throat to the feet, in front, with large covered buttons; at a suitable distance on each side of this fastening are three bias folds, rather narrow, brought close together under the belt, and enlarging as they descend to the border of the skirt. A large pelerine cape is made to take on and off; and the bust from the back of each shoulder is ornamented with the same bias folds, forming a stomacher in front of the waist. The sleeves, *à la Marie*, are puckered a few inches above the wrist, and confined by three straps; each with a large button. Though long ends are very much in favour with silk pelerines, yet there are quite as many that are quite round; such was the black satin pelerine we cited above.

'Coloured bonnets are now all the rage; we are happy to say that some, though all too large, are in the charming cottage style, and are modestly tied

under the chin. Some bonnets are so excessively large that they are obliged to be placed quite at the back of the head; and as their extensive brims will not support a veil, when they are ornamented with a broad blond, the edge of that just falls over the hair, but does not even conceal the eyes. Leghorn hats are very general; their trimmings consist chiefly of ribbons, though some ladies add a few branches of green foliage between the bows or puffs: these are chiefly of the fern; a great improvement to these green branches is the having a few wild roses intermingled.

'The most admired colours are lavender, Esterhazy, olive-green, lilac, marshmallow blossom, and Indian red.

'At rural fêtes, the ornaments of the hats generally consist of flowers; these hats are backward in the Arcadian fashion, and discover a wreath of small flowers on the hair, *ex bandeau.* In Paris the most admired colours are ethereal-blue, Hortensia, cameleopard-yellow, pink, grass-green, jonquil, and Parma-violet.'—*September* 1, 1827.

Really this little fashion book is very charming: it recreates, for me, the elegant simpering ladies; it gives, in its style, just that artificial note which conjures this age of ladies with hats—'in the charming cottage style, modestly tied under the chin.'

They had the complete art of languor, these dear creatures; they lisped Italian, and were fine needlewomen; they painted weak little landscapes: nooks or arbours found them dreaming of a Gothic revival —they were all this and more; but through this sweet envelope the delicate refined souls shone: they were true women, often great women; their loops of hair, their cameleopard pelerines, shall not rob them of immortality, cannot destroy their softening influence, which permeated even the outrageous dandyism of the men of their time and steered the three-bottle gentlemen, their husbands and our grandfathers, into a grand old age which we reverence to-day, and wonder at, seeing them as giants against our nerve-shattered, drug-taking generation.

As for the men, look at the innumerable pictures, and collect, for instance, the material for a colossal work upon the stock ties of the time, run your list of varieties into some semblance of order; commence with the varieties of macassar-brown stocks, pass on to patent leather stocks, take your man for a walk and cause him to pass a window full of Hibernian stocks, and let him discourse on the stocks worn by turf enthusiasts, and, when you are approaching the end of your twenty-third volume,

give a picture of a country dinner-party, and end your work with a description of the gentlemen under the table being relieved of their stocks by the faithful family butler.

## POWDER AND PATCHES

'The affectation of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had.'

'At the devill's shopps you buy
A dresse of powdered hayre.'

From the splendid pageant of history what figures come to you most willingly? Does a great procession go by the window of your mind? Knights bronzed by the sun of Palestine, kings in chains, emperors in blood-drenched purple, poets clothed like grocers with the souls of angels shining through their eyes, fussy Secretaries of State, informers, spies, inquisitors, Court cards come to life, harlequins, statesmen in great ruffs, wives of Bath in foot-mantles and white wimples, sulky Puritans, laughing Cavaliers, Dutchmen drinking gin and talking politics, men in wide-skirted coats and huge black periwigs—all walking, riding, being carried in coaches, in sedan-chairs, over the face of

England. Every step of the procession yields wonderful dreams of colour; in every group there is one who, by the personality of his clothes, can claim the name of beau.

Near the tail of the throng there is a chattering, bowing, rustling crowd, dimmed by a white mist of scented hair-powder. They are headed, I think —for one cannot see too clearly—by the cook of the Comte de Bellemare, a man by name Legros, the great hairdresser. Under his arm is a book, the title of which reads, 'Art de la Coiffure des Dames Françaises.' Behind him is a lady in an enormous hoop; her hair is dressed *à la belle Poule;* she is arguing some minute point of the disposition of patches with Monsieur Léonard, another artist in hair. 'What will be the next wear?' she asks. 'A heart near the eye—*l'assassine*, eh? Or a star near the lips—*la friponne?* Must I wear a *galante* on my cheek, an *enjouée* in my dimple, or *la majestueuse* on my forehead?' Before we can hear the reply another voice is raised, a guttural German voice; it is John Schnorr, the ironmaster of Erzgebinge. 'The feet stuck in it, I tell you,' he says—'actually stuck! I got from my saddle and looked at the ground. My horse had carried me on to

what proved to be a mine of wealth. Hair-powder! I sold it in Dresden, in Leipsic; and then, at Meissen, what does Böttcher do but use my hair-powder to make white porcelain!' And so the chatter goes on. Here is Charles Fox tapping the ground with his red heels and proclaiming, in a voice thick with wine, on the merits of blue hair-powder; here is Brummell, free from hair-powder, free from the obnoxious necessity of going with his regiment to Manchester.

The dressy person and the person who is well dressed—these two showing everywhere. The one is in a screaming hue of woad, the other a quiet note of blue dye; the one in excessive velvet sleeves that he cannot manage, the other controlling a rich amplitude of material with perfect grace. Here a liripipe is extravagantly long; here a gold circlet decorates curled locks with matchless taste. Everywhere the battle between taste and gaudiness. High hennins, steeples of millinery, stick up out of the crowd; below these, the towers of powdered hair bow and sway as the fine ladies patter along. What a rustle and a bustle of silks and satins, of flowered tabbies, rich brocades, cut velvets, superfine cloths, woollens, cloth of gold!

See, there are the square-shouldered Tudors; there are the steel glints of Plantagenet armour; the Eastern-robed followers of Cœur de Lion; the swaggering beribboned Royalists; the ruffs, trunks, and doublets of Elizabethans; the snuffy, wide-skirted coats swaying about Queen Anne. There are the soft, swathed Norman ladies with bound-up chins; the tapestry figures of ladies proclaiming Agincourt; the dignified dames about Elizabeth of York; the playmates of Katherine Howard; the wheels of round farthingales and the high lace collars of King James's Court; the beauties, bare-breasted, of Lely; the Hogarthian women in close caps. And, in front of us, two posturing figures in Dresden china colours, rouged, patched, powdered, perfumed, in hoop skirts, flirting with a fan—the lady; in gold-laced wide coat, solitaire, bagwig, ruffles, and red heels—the gentleman. 'I protest, madam,' he is saying, 'but you flatter me vastly.' 'La, sir,' she replies, 'I am prodigiously truthful.'

'And how are we to know that all this is true?' the critics ask, guarding the interest of the public. 'We see that your book is full of statements, and there are no, or few, authorities given for your studies. Where,' they ask, 'are the venerable

anecdotes which are given a place in every respectable work on your subject ?'

To appease the appetites which are always hungry for skeletons, I give a short list of those books which have proved most useful :

MS. Cotton, Claudius, B. iv.
MS. Harl., 603. Psalter, English, eleventh century.
The Bayeaux Tapestry.
MS. Cotton, Tiberius, C. vi. Psalter.
MS. Trin. Coll., Camb., R. 17, 1. Illustrated by Eadwine, a monk, 1130-1174.
MS. Harl. Roll, Y. vi.
MS. Harl., 5102.
Stothard's 'Monumental Effigies.'
MS. C. C. C., Camb., xvi.
MS. Cott., Nero, D. 1.
MS. Cott., Nero, C. iv. Full of drawings.
MS. Roy., 14, C. vii.
Lansdowne MS., British Museum.
Macklin's 'Monumental Brasses.'
*Journal of the Archæological Association.*
MS. Roy., 2, B. vii.
MS. Roy., 10, E. iv. Good marginal drawings.
The Loutrell Psalter. Invaluable for costume.
MS. Bodl. Misc., 264. 1338-1344. Very full of useful drawings.
Dr. Furnivall's edition of the Ellesmere MS. of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'
Boutell's 'Monumental Brasses.'

MS. Harl., 1319. Metrical history of the close of Richard II.'s reign. Good drawings for costume.

MS. Harl., 1892.

MS. Harl., 2278.

Lydgate's 'Life of St. Edmund.'

MS. Roy., 15, E. vi. Fine miniatures.

The Bedford Missal, MS. Add., 18850.

MS. Harl., 2982. A Book of Hours. Many good drawings.

MS. Harl., 4425. The Romance of the Rose. Fine and useful drawings.

MS. Lambeth, 265.

MS. Roy., 19, C. viii.

MS. Roy., 16, F. ii.

Turberville's 'Book of Falconrie' and 'Book of Hunting.'

Shaw's 'Dresses and Decorations.'

Jusserand's 'English Novel' and 'Wayfaring Life.' Very excellent books, full of reproductions from illuminated books, prints, and pictures.

The Shepherd's Calendar, 1579, British Museum.

Harding's 'Historical Portraits.'

Nichols's, 'Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.'

Stubbes's 'Anatomie of Abuses,' 1583.

Braun's 'Civitates orbis terrarum.'

'Vestusta Monumenta.'

Hollar's 'Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus.'

Hollar's 'Aula Veneris.'

Pepys's Diary.

Evelyn's Diary.

Tempest's 'Cries of London.' Fifty plates.

Atkinson's 'Costumes of Great Britain.'

In addition to these, there are, of course, many other books, prints, engravings, sets of pictures, and heaps of caricatures. The excellent labours of the Society of Antiquaries and the Archæological Association have helped me enormously; these, with wills, wardrobe accounts, 'Satires' by Hall and others, 'Anatomies of Abuses,' broadsides, and other works on the same subject, French, German, and English, have made my task easier than it might have been.

It was no use to spin out my list of manuscripts with the numbers—endless numbers—of those which proved dry ground, so I have given those only which have yielded a rich harvest.

## BEAU BRUMMELL AND CLOTHES

> '*A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favourable impression of you, for,*' *and she sunk her voice to a whisper,* '*he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell.*'—'Life of Beau Brummell,' Captain Jesse.

Those who care to make the melancholy pilgrimage may see, in the Protestant Cemetery at Caen,

the tomb of George Bryan Brummell. He died, at the age of sixty-two, in 1840.

It is indeed a melancholy pilgrimage to view the tomb of that once resplendent figure, to think, before the hideous grave, of the witty, clever, foolish procession from Eton to Oriel College, Oxford; from thence to a captaincy in the 10th Hussars, from No. 4 Chesterfield Street to No. 13 Chapel Street, Park Lane; from Chapel Street a flight to Calais; from Calais to Paris; and then, at last, to Caen, and the bitter, bitter end, mumbling and mad, to die in the Bon Sauveur.

Place him beside the man who once pretended to be his friend, the man of whom Thackeray spoke so truly: 'But a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur coat, a star and a blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing.'

Nothing! Thackeray is right; absolutely nothing remains of this King George of ours but a sale list of his wardrobe, a wardrobe which fetched £15,000

## A MAN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE IV.

(1820—1830)

HERE you see the coat which we now wear, slightly altered, in our evening dress. It came into fashion, with this form of top-boots, in 1799, and was called a Jean-de-Bry. Notice the commencement of the whisker fashion.

second-hand—a wardrobe that had been a man. He invented a shoe-buckle 1 inch long and 5 inches broad. He wore a pink silk coat with white cuffs. He had 5,000 steel beads on his hat. He was a coward, a good-natured, contemptible voluptuary. Beside him, in our eyes, walks for a time the elegant figure of Beau Brummell. I have said that Brummell was the inventor of modern dress: it is true. He was the Beau who raised the level of dress from the slovenly, dirty linen, the greasy hair, the filthy neck-cloth, the crumbled collar, to a position, ever since held by Englishmen, of quiet, unobtrusive cleanliness, decent linen, an abhorrence of striking forms of dress.

He made clean linen and washing daily a part of English life.

See him seated before his dressing-glass, a mahogany-framed sliding cheval glass with brass arms on either sides for candles. By his side is George IV., recovering from his drunken bout of last night. The Beau's glass reflects his clean-complexioned face, his grey eyes, his light brown hair, and sandy whiskers. A servant produces a shirt with a 12-inch collar fixed to it, assists the Beau

into it, arranges it, and stands aside. The collar nearly hides the Beau's face. Now, with his hand protected with a discarded shirt, he folds his collar down to the required height. Now he takes his white stock and folds it carefully round the collar; the stock is a foot high and slightly starched. A supreme moment of artistic decision, and the stock and collar take their perfect creases. In an hour or so he will be ready to partake of a light meal with the royal gentleman. He will stand up and survey himself in his morning dress, his regular, quiet suit. A blue coat, light breeches fitting the leg well, a light waistcoat over a waistcoat of some other colour, never a startling contrast, Hessian boots, or top-boots and buckskins. There was nothing very peculiar about his clothes except, as Lord Byron said, 'an exquisite propriety.' His evening dress was a blue coat, white waistcoat, black trousers buttoned at the ankle—these were of his own invention, and one may say it was the wearing of them that made trousers more popular than knee-breeches—striped silk stockings, and a white stock.

He was a man of perfect taste—of fastidious taste. On his tables lay books of all kinds in fine

covers. Who would suspect it? but the Prince is leaning an arm on a copy of Ellis's 'Early English Metrical Romances.' The Beau is a rhymer, an elegant verse-maker. Here we see the paper-presser of Napoleon—I am flitting for the moment over some years, and see him in his room in Calais—here we notice his passion for buhl, his Sèvres china painted with Court beauties.

In his house in Chapel Street he saw daily portraits of Nelson and Pitt and George III. upon his walls. This is no Beau as we understand the term, for we make it a word of contempt, a nickname for a feeble fellow in magnificent garments. Rather this is the room of an educated gentleman of 'exquisite propriety.'

He played high, as did most gentlemen; he was superstitious, as are many of the best of men. That lucky sixpence with the hole in it that you gave to a cabman, Beau Brummell, was that loss the commencement of your downward career?

There are hundreds of anecdotes of Brummell which, despite those of the 'George, ring the bell' character, and those told of his heavy gaming, are more valuable as showing his wit, his cleanliness,

his distaste of display—in fact, his 'exquisite propriety.'

A Beau is hardly a possible figure to-day; we have so few personalities, and those we have are chiefly concerned with trade—men who uphold trusts, men who fight trusts, men who speak for trade in the House of Commons. We have not the same large vulgarities as our grandfathers, nor have we the same wholesome refinement; in killing the evil—the great gambler, the great men of the turf, the great prize-fighters, the heavy wine-drinkers—we have killed, also, the good, the classic, well-spoken civil gentleman. Our manners have suffered at the expense of our morals.

Fifty or sixty years ago the world was full of great men, saying, writing, thinking, great things. To-day—perhaps it is too early to speak of to-day. Personalities are so little marked by their clothes, by any stamp of individuality, that the caricaturist, or even the minute and truthful artist, be he painter or writer, has a difficult task before him when he sets out to point at the men of these our times.

George Brummell came into the world on June 7, 1778. He was a year or so late for the Macaroni

style of dress, many years behind the Fribbles, after the Smarts, and must have seen the rise and fall of the Zebras when he was thirteen. During his life he saw the old-fashioned full frock-coat, bagwig, solitaire, and ruffles die away; he saw the decline and fall of knee-breeches for common wear, and the pantaloons invented by himself take their place. From these pantaloons reaching to the ankle came the trousers, as fashionable garments, open over the instep at first, and joined by loops and buttons, then strapped under the boot, and after that in every manner of cut to the present style. He saw the three-cornered hat vanish from the hat-boxes of the polite world, and he saw fine-coloured clothes give way to blue coats with brass buttons or coats of solemn black.

It may be said that England went into mourning over the French Revolution, and has not yet recovered. Beau Brummell, on his way to Eton, saw a gay-coloured crowd of powdered and patched people, saw claret-coloured coats covered with embroidery, gold-laced hats, twinkling shoe-buckles. On his last walks in Caen, no doubt, he dreamed of London as a place of gay colours instead of the drab place it was beginning to be.

To-day there is no more monotonous sight than the pavements of Piccadilly crowded with people in dingy, sad clothes, with silk tubes on their heads, their black and gray suits being splashed by the mud from black hansoms, or by the scatterings of motor-cars driven by aristocratic-looking mechanics, in which mechanical-looking aristocrats lounge, darkly clad. Here and there some woman's dress enlivens the monotony ; here a red pillar-box shines in the sun ; there, again, we bless the Post-Office for their red mail-carts, and perhaps we are strengthened to bear the gloom by the sight of a blue or red bus.

But our hearts are not in tune with the picture; we feel the lack of colour, of romance, of everything but money, in the street. Suddenly a magnificent policeman stops the traffic ; there is a sound of jingling harness, of horses' hoofs beating in unison. There flashes upon us an escort of Life Guards sparkling in the sun, flashing specks of light from swords, breastplates, helmets. The little forest of waving plumes, the raising of hats, the polite murmuring of cheers, warms us. We feel young, our hearts beat ; we feel more healthy, more alive, for this gleam of colour.

Then an open carriage passes us swiftly as we stand with bared heads. There is a momentary sight of a man in uniform—a man with a wonderful face, clever, dignified, kind. And we say, with a catch in our voices:

'THE KING—GOD BLESS HIM!'

THE END

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